

I love you by Jancys_Blue_Bayou

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Blow Jobs, Comedy, Cunnilingus, F/M, Flirting, Fluff, Fluff and Humor, Fluff and Smut, Humor, Oral Sex, Smuff, Smut

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-08-01

Updated: 2018-08-01

Packaged: 2022-04-22 05:20:04

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 683

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

They're in her room. He just climbed through the window. She called him 15 minutes ago and asked him to. He drove fast because it's Nancy. He'd barely made it through the window before she was kissing him. Pressing him up against her bedroom wall she continues to kiss him, again and again. He enthusiastically responds. Her lips are so soft.

I love you

Author's Note:

Short little ficlet for an anon prompt: "quick smutty prompt where nancy is kissing her way down jonathan's stomach as she's jerking him off, she says "i love you" and he says "i love you too" but it turns out she was talking to his dick"

They're in her room. He just climbed through the window. She called him 15 minutes ago and asked him to. He drove *fast* because it's *Nancy*. He'd barely made it through the window before she was kissing him. Pressing him up against her bedroom wall she continues to kiss him, again and again. He enthusiastically responds. Her lips are so soft.

She's pulling at the hem of his sweater and they break apart from each other so she can pull it over his head. The t-shirt he was wearing underneath comes off too all in one go.

"Mm, I'm efficient," Nancy giggles before capturing his lips with hers again.

"Yes you are," he murmurs back.

She smiles and promptly unbuttons his jeans and shoves her hand inside his boxers. It makes his breath hitch. She grasps his cock and starts to stroke it. She traces kisses from the corner of his lips down his cheek and down his neck, sending shivers through his whole body. She pulls down his boxers with her other hand and starts to jerk him off. The shivers continue as she kisses her way down his chest and stomach while she jerks him off while crouching down.

"I love you," she says.

"I love you too," he gets out between moans.

"Oh, I was talking to him," Nancy says. And looks right at his cock in her hands.

“Oh,” is all he can think to say. “Um...”

“But uh, I love you too! You know that,” she hurriedly adds.

“Um, yeah.”

She smiles, shrugs her shoulders and takes his dick in her mouth. He has absolutely no words then.

Her tongue swirls around the tip and he’s already seeing stars before she takes more of him in her mouth. She starts to bob up and down on his cock and he knows he won’t last long, it’s impossible when she’s like *this* doing stuff like *that*.

She knows it too, she knows him so well, she knows the way his cock twitches against the roof of her mouth means he’s almost there. She pulls back a little so she has just the tip between her lips and swirls her tongue around it again and boy does that do the trick. His warm cum fills her mouth. She swallows hard, stands up and kisses him deeply. He eagerly responds.

It’s now his turn to pull at the hem of her clothing, the pink nightshirt she’s wearing. The pink nightshirt that will forever making him think of that first glorious night together. They break apart and he pulls it over her head. She’s wearing absolutely nothing underneath.

“You’re naughty,” he smirks, kissing her again and placing his hands on her hips, pulling her in close before moving them over her butt.

“I’m efficient,” she says again with a smile.

He quickly slides his hands down to the back of her thighs and swiftly picks her up and flips her down on her bed, getting a surprised and pleased gasp out of her. He immediately follows her, placing his head between her thighs.

“I love you,” he says.

“You said that already,” she giggles and runs her fingers through his hair.

“Not to *her*,” he grins and kisses her inner lips. First she gasps then she starts giggling and probably wouldn’t stop if not for him then starting to lick her, then she moans instead. He runs his tongue over her lips, her clit, swirling it everywhere. He purses his lips and gently sucks a little at her clit and is rewarded with hearing a deliciously big moan in return. He continues to lick her pussy, she clenches her hand in his hair. He won’t stop until she pulls him up.

Later, *after*, when they’re laying cuddled together under her covers she turns in his arms, facing him.

“I love you,” she tells him again.

“You talking to me or him?” He smirks and glances down, down on himself. She lightly smacks his chest but then smiles:

“Both!”

“Same here,” he replies, again with a meaningful glance down, but not to himself.